crawling betweene earth and heaven? we are arrant Knaves, beleeve none of us, go thy waies to a Nunry. Where's your father?

Ophel. At home my Lord.

Ham. Let the doores be shut upon him,
That he may play the foole no where but in's owne house:
Farewell.

Ophel. O helpe him you sweet heavens.

Ham. If thou dost marry, Ile give thee this plague for thy dowry, be thou as chaste as Ice, as pure as snow, thou shalt not escape calumny, get thee to a Nunry, farewell. Or if thou wilt needs marry, marrie a foole, for wisemen know well enough what monsters you make of them: to a Nunry, goe, and quickly too, farewell.

Ophel. Heavenly powers restore him.

Ham. I have heard of your paintings well enough: God hath given you one face, and you make your selves another, gig and amble, and you list you nickname Gods creatures, and make your wantonnesse ignorance; go too, Ile no more on't, it hath made me mad: I say we will have no moe marriages, those that are married already all but one shall live, the rest shall keepe as they are: to a Nunrie goe. *Exit.*

Ophel. O what a noble minde is here orethrowne!
The Courtiers, Souldiers, Scholars, eie, tongue, sword,
Th'expectation and Rose of the faire state,
The glasse of fashion, and the mould of forme,
Th'observ'd of all observers, quite, quite downe,
And I of Ladies most deject and wretched,
That suckt the honey of his Musicke vowes;
Now see what noble and most soveraigne reason
Like sweet bels jangled out of time, and harsh,
That unmatcht forme and stature of blowne youth
Blasted with extasie. O woe is me
T' have seen what I have seen, see what I see! *Exit.*

Enter King and Polonius.

King. Love! his affections doe not that way tend,
For what he spake, though it lackt forme a little,
Was not like madnes, there's something in his soule
Ore which his melancholy sits on brood,
And I doe doubt the hatch and the disclose

Will

Will be some danger; which for to prevent
I have in quicke determination
Thus set downe: he shall with speed to England,
For the demand of our neglected tribute:
Haply the Seas and Countries different,
With variable objects shall expell
This something setled matter in his heart,
Whereon his braines still beating,
Puts him thus from fashion of himselfe.
What thinke you on't?

Pol. It shall doe well:
But yet I doe beleeve the origen and commencement
Sprung from neglected love: how now *Ophelia?*
You need not tell us what Lord *Hamlet* said,
We heard it all: my Lord doe as you please,
But if you hold it fit, after the Play
Let his Queen-mother all alone entreat him
To shew his griefe; let her be round with him,
And Ile be plac'd (so please you) in the eare
Of all their conference: if she find him not,
To England send him, or confine him where
Your wisdome best shall think.

King. It shall be so,
Madnesse in great ones must not unmatcht goe.

Enter Hamlet, and three of the Players.

Ham. Speake the speech I pray you as I pronounc'
trippingly on the tongue; but if you mouth it, as
Players do, I had as lieve the Towne-crier spoke my
not saw the aire too much with your hand, thus, but us
for in the very torrent tempest, and, as I may say, whi
your passion you must acquire and beget a temperanc
give it smoothnesse: O it offends mee to the soule to
bustious Perwig-pated fellow teare a passion to totte
rags, to spleet the eares of the ground-lings, who for th
are capable of nothing but inexplicable dumbe shewe
I would have such a fellow whipt for ore-doing Terma
Herods Herod, pray you avoid it.

Play. I warrant your honour.